

THE  
TOY-SHOP;

To which are added,

EPISTLES and POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

By ROBERT DODSLEY, Author of  
*The Art of Charming.*

---



---

LONDON, Printed in the Year

M.DCC.LVI.

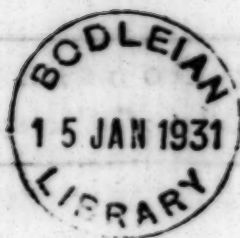
12. 0. 78

(2)

*Wm. Henry Wheeler*

TOY-SHOP

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



E

E

T

ow  
mu  
too  
the  
sh  
fel  
the  
fin  
I  
fin  
fel  
ren  
bei  
for  
tha  
ev  
for  
ho

AN  
EPISTLE  
TO A  
FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

SIR,

THE opinion which you say has prevail-  
ed with some, that this piece is not my  
own but from a better hand, gives me too  
much pleasure to be angry, and would do me  
too much honour to contradict, did it not shew  
their want of judgment who entertain it. I  
should be very glad if I could perswade my-  
self there were any just grounds in the merit of  
the thing to countenance such an opinion; but  
since it has been so favourably received, that  
I am now to print an eighth edition of it, I  
find I have pride enough to vindicate to my-  
self any credit I may receive from it. You may  
remember, long before I had the honour of  
being known to Mr. Pope, the regard I had  
for him; and it was a great mortification to me,  
that I used to think myself too inconsiderable  
ever to merit his notice or esteem. However,  
some time after I had wrote the *Toy-Shop*,  
hoping there was something in it which might

recommend me to him in a moral capacity, at least, tho' not in a poetical one, I sent to him, and desired his opinion of it; expressing some doubt that, tho' I design'd it for the stage, yet unless its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors.

In answer to this, I received the following instance of Mr. Pope's good nature and humanity.

S I R,

Feb. 5. 1732-3

**I** Was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please on the stage, I doubt: but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me; I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could shew you my friendship in any instance.

*I am, &c.*

A. POPE.

( v )

He was as good as his word, he recommended it to Mr. Rich; by his interest it was brought upon the stage; and by the indulgence of the town, it was very favourably received.

This is the history of the *Toy-Shop*; and I shall always think myself happy in having wrote it, since it first procured me the favour and acquaintance of Mr. POPE.

I am, &c.

R. DODSLEY.



A3

# Dramatis Personæ.

As in *LONDON.*

## M E N.

Master of the Shop,

1 )

2 } Gentleman,

3 }

4

Beau,

1 }

2 } Old Man;

2 }

Mr. *Chapman.*

Mr. *Bridgewater.*

Mr. *Wignell.*

Mr. *Hallam.*

Mr. *Hale.*

Mr. *Neale.*

Mr. *James.*

Mr. *Hippisly.*

## W O M E N.

1 }

2 }

3 } Lady,

3 }

4

Mrs. *Bullock.*

Mrs. *Norsa.*

Mrs. *Mullart.*

Mrs. *Binks.*

# INTRODUCTION.

*Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.*

GENT.

**A**ND you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-Shop, you say, madam?

1 *La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the man, indeed: but most people say, he's a very impertinent, silly fellow.

*Gent.* That's because he sometimes tells them of their faults.

1 *La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any man or woman impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my faults if they did not concern him.

*Gent.* Yes, madam. But people that know him take no exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my opinion he's very entertaining.

2 *La.* Pray, who is this man you're talking of? I never heard of him.

*Gent.* He's one who has lately set up a Toy-Shop, madam, and is perhaps, the most extraordinary person in his way that ever was heard of. He is a general Satyrist, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a custom of moralizing upon every trifle he sells, and will strike a lesson of instruction out of a snuff-box, a thimble, or a cockle-shell.

1 *La.* Is n't he eas'd?

*Gent.* Madam he may be call'd a humourist, but he does not want sense I assure you.

2 *La.* Methinks I should be glad to see him.

*Gent.* I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll please to give me leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 *La.* What say you madam, shall we go?

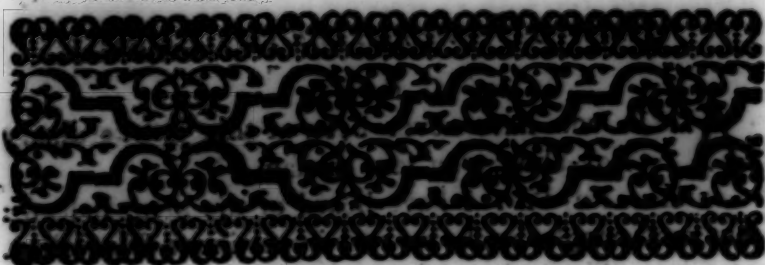
1 *La.* I can't help thinking he's a coxcomb; however to satisfy my curiosity I don't care if I do.

*Gent.* I believe the coach is at the door.

2 *La.* I hope he won't affront us.

*Gent.* He won't designedly, I'm sure, madam.

*(Exeunt.)*



**THE**  
**TOY-SHOP, &c.**

---

**SCENE** changes to the **TOY-SHOP**. The master  
standing behind the counter, looking over his books.

**MASTER.**

**M**ETHINKS I have had a tolerable good day of it  
to day. A gold watch five and thirty  
Guineas——— Let me see —— what {Turning to  
did that watch stand me in? —— where is another book  
it? O here——lent to lady Basset eigh- backwards  
teen guineas upon her gold watch. Ay, and for-  
she died and never redeem'd it——— wards.  
A set of old china, five pounds.——— Bought of an  
old cloaths-man for five shillings. Right——— A curious  
shell for a snuff-box, two guineas——— Bought of a  
poor fisher-boy for a half-penny. Now if I had offer'd  
that shell for six-pence, no body would have bought it.  
Well, thanks to the whimsical extravagance and folly

of mankind: I believe from these childish toys and gilded baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable maintenance. For really, as it is a trifling age, so nothing but trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling authors, pursue none but trifling amusements, and contend for none but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferr'd, a trifling woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real trifles enow, they now make trifles of the most serious and valuable things. Their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are trifled away. Honesty is become a trifle, conscience a trifle, honour a meer trifle, and religion the greatest trifle of all.

*Enter the Gentleman and the two Ladies.*

*Maſt.* Sir your humble servant, I'm very glad to see you.

*Gent.* Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some customers here.

*Maſt.* You are very good sir, what do you please to want, ladies?

*1 La.* Please to want! people seldom please to want any thing Sir.

*Maſt.* O dear madam, yes; I always imagine when people come into a Toy-Shop, it must be for something they please to want.

*2 La.* Here's a mighty pretty looking-glass: pray, sir, what's the price of it?

*Maſt.* This looking-glass, madam, is the finest in all England. In this glass, a coquet may see her vanity; and a prude her hypocrisy. Some fine ladies may see more beauty than modesty, more airs than graces, and more wit than good nature.

*1 La.* [*Aside.*] He begins already.

*Maſt.* If a beau was to buy this glass, and look earnestly into it, he might see his folly almost as soon as his finery. 'Tis true, some people may not see their

own generosity in it, nor others their charity, yet it is a very clear glass. Some fine gentlemen may not see their good manners in it perhaps, nor some persons their religion, yet it is a very clear glass. In short tho' every one that passes for a maid should not happen to see a maiden-head in it, yet it may be a very clear glass, you know for all that.

2 *La.* Yes, sir; but I did not ask you the virtues of it, I asked you the price.

*Maft.* It was necessary to tell you the virtues, madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the price, which is five guineas, and for so extraordinary a glass, in my opinion is but a trifle.

2 *La.* Lord I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, lest it should shew me more of my faults than I care to see.

1 *La.* Pray, sir, what may be the use of this very diminutive piece of goods here?

*Maft.* This box, madam, in the first place, is a very great curiosity, being the least box that ever was seen in England.

1 *La.* Then a very little curiosity had been more proper.

*Maft.* Right madam. Yet would you think it, in this same little box, a courtier may deposite his sincerity, a lawyer may screw up his honesty, and a poet may—hoard his money.

*Genl.* Ha, ha, ha, I will make a present of it to Mr. Stanza for the very same purpose.

2 *La.* Here's a very fine perspective. Now I think madam, in the country these are a very pretty amusement.

*Maft.* O, madam, the most useful and diverting things imaginable either in town or country. The nature of this glass, madam, (pardon my impertinencé in pretending to tell you what to be sure you are as

well acquainted with as my self) is this, if you look thro' it at this end, every object is magnified, brought near, and is discerned with the greatest plainness; but turn it the other way, do you see, and they are lessened, cast at a great distance, and render'd almost imperceptible. Thro' this end it is that we look at our own faults, but when other people's are to be examin'd, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this end are viewed all the benefits and advantages we at any time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shown in their greatest magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this we enviously darken and contract the virtue, the merit, the beauty of all the world around us; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why sir, methinks you are a new kind of Satyrical parson, your shop is your scripture, and every piece of goods a different text, from which you expose the vices and follies of mankind in a very fine allegorical sermon.

*Mastr.* Right, madam, right; I thank you for the simile. I may be called a parson indeed, and I am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my calling, and am never better pleas'd than to see a full congregation. Yet it happens to me as it does to most of my brethren. People sometimes vouchsafe to take home the text, perhaps, but mind the sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a short text has more in it than a long sermon, it's no wonder if they do.

*Enter a third Lady.*

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look on some of your little dogs.

2 *[Aside.]* Little dogs! my stars! how cheaply some people are entertain'd! well, it is a sign human

conversation is grown very low and insipid, whilst that of dogs and monkies is preferr'd to it.

*Maft.* Here are very beautiful dogs, madam, these dogs, when they were alive were some of them the greatest dogs of their age. I don't mean the largest, but dogs of the greatest quality and merit.

*La.* I love a dog of merit dearly; has not he a dog of honour too, I wonder.

*Maft.* Here's a dog now that never eat but upon plate or china, nor set his foot but upon a carpet or a cushion. Here's one too, this dog belong'd to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; he was her most intimate friend and particular favourite; and upon that account has received more compliments, more respect, and more addresses than a first minister of state. Here's another which was doubtless, a dog of singular worth and great importance; since at his death one of the greatest families of the kingdom were all in tears, received no visits for the space of a week, but shut themselves up and mourn'd their loss with inconsolable sorrow. This dog while he liv'd, either for contempt of his person, neglect of his business, or saucy impertinent behaviour in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away above thirty servants. He died at last of a cold caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, for which she lost her place, her wages, and her character.

*La.* O the careless wicked wretch! I would have her try'd for murder at least. This is just my case! the sad relation revives my grief so strongly I cannot contain. Lucy, bring in the box.

[Here her maid enters and delivers a box, from which the lady pulls out a dead dog, kissing it, and weeping.

Lucy too pretends great sorrow, but turning aside

*bursts out a laughing, and cries, she little thinks I poisoned it.*

O I have lost the dearest friend in the world ! See ! see the charming creature, here lies dead ! its precious life is gone ! Oh, my dear Chloe ! no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm bosom ! no more will that sweet tongue lick o'er my face, nor that dear mouth eat dainty bits from mine. Oh death, what hast thou rob'd me of ?

*Gent. [Aside.]* A proper object to display your folly !

*Mast.* Pray, madam, moderate your grief ; you ought to thank heaven 'tis not your husband.

3 *La.* Oh ! what is husband, father, mother, son, to my dear precious Chloe !--No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image ; and if you cannot make me the exact effigies of this poor dead creature, and cover it with his own dear skin, so nicely that it cannot be discern'd, I must never hope to see one happy day in life.

*Mast.* Well, madam, be comforted, I will do it to your satisfaction.

*[Taking the box.]*

3 *La.* Let me have one look more. Poor creature ! oh cruel fate, that dogs were born to die. *[Exit weeping.]*

*Gent.* What a scene is here ! are not the real and unavoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create themselves imaginary woes ?

*Mast.* These, sir, are the griefs of those who have no other. Did they once truly feel the real miseries of life, ten thousand dogs might die without a tear.

*Enter a second gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* I want an ivory pocket-book.

*Mast.* Do you please to have it with directions, or without ?

2 *Gent.* Directions ! what, how to use it ?

*Maft.* Yes, Sir.

*2 Gent.* I should think every man's own business his best direction.

*Maft.* It may be so. Yet there are some general rules which it equally behoves every man to be acquainted with. As for instance, always to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others. Always to set down the faults or failings, which from time to time you discover in your self. And, if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd design to hurt or expose them, at any time, but with a *Nota bene*, that it is only for a caution to yourself, not to be guilty of the like, with a great many other rules of such a nature as makes one of my pocket-books both an useful monitor, and a very entertaining companion.

*2 Gent.* And pray, what's the price of one of them?

*Maft.* The price is a Guinea, Sir.

*2 Gent.* That's very dear. But as 'tis a curiosity—  
[*Pays for it, and Exit.*]

*Enter a Beau.*

*Beau.* Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsomest snuff-boxes.

*Maft.* Here's a plain gold one, sir, a very neat box : here's a gold enamelled ; here's a silver one neatly carv'd and gilt ; here's a curious shell, Sir, set in gold.

*Beau.* Damn your shells ; there's not one of them fit for a gentleman to put his fingers into. I want one with some pretty device on the inside of the lid ; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one to an occasion to be witty, that is smutty, now and then.

*Maft.* And are witty and smutty then synonymous terms?

*Beau.* O dear sir, yes ; a little decent smut is the very life of all conversation. 'Tis the wit of drawing-

rooms, assemblies and tea-tables ; 'tis the smart rail-  
lery of fine gentlemen, and the innocent freedom of  
fine ladies ; 'tis a double entendre, at which the co-  
quet laughs, the prude looks grave, the modest blush,  
but all are pleased with.

*Mast.* That it is the wit and entertainment of all conversation, I believe, sir, may possibly be a mistake. 'Tis true, those who are so rude as to use it in all conversations, may possibly be so depraved themselves, as to fancy every body else as agreeably entertained in hearing it, as they are in uttering it: but I dare say, any man or woman of real virtue and modesty, has as little taste for such ribaldry, as those coxcombs have for what is good sense, or true politeness.

*Beau.* Good sense, sir! damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good sense as well as any man. Good sense is a true—a right—a—a—a—*Damn it, I scorn to be so pedantic as to make definitions; but I can invent a cramp oath, Sir; drink a smuttry health, Sir, ridicule priests, laugh at all religion, and make such a grave prig as you look just like a fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take that to be good sense.*

*Maſt.* And I, unmov'd, can bear ſuch ſenſeleſs ridicule, and look upon its author with an eye of pity and contempt. And I take this to be good ſenſe.

*Beau.* Phaw, phaw, damn'd hypocrisy and affectation; nothing else, nothing else. *(Exit.)*

*Maſt.* There is nothing ſo much my averſion as a coxcomb. They are a ridicule upon human nature, and make one almoſt aſham'd to be of the ſame ſpecies. And, for that reaſon I can't forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my way. I hope the ladies will excuſe ſuch behaviour in their preſence.

2 *Ld.* Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to treat them with such behaviour in our presence; 'twould be much more agreeable than their impertinence.

*Enter a young Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* I want a plain gold ring, Sir, exactly this size.

*Mast.* Then 'tis not for yourself, Sir?

3 *Gent.* No.

*Mast.* A wedding-ring, I presume.

3 *Gent.* No, Sir; I thank you kindly; that's a toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous piece of goods in your whole shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

1 *La.* This is but a fashionable cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended railer at matrimony is not just upon the point of making some poor woman miserable.

*(Aside.*  
3 *Gent.* Well ——— happy are we whilst we are children; we can then lay down one toy and take up another, and please ourselves with variety; but growing more foolish, as we grow older, there's no toy will please us then but a wife; and that, indeed, as it is a toy for life, so it is all toys in one. She is a rattle in a man's ears, which he cannot throw aside; a drum which is perpetually beating him a point of war; a top which he ought to whip for his exercise; for like that, she is best when lash'd to a sleep; a hobby-horse for the booby to ride on when the maggot takes him;  
2 ———

*Mast.* You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis wit; but, in my opinion, a good wife is the greatest blessing, and the most valuable possession, that heaven, in this life, can bestow; she makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasure; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the

kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

2 *La.* Charming doctrine! *(Aside.*

3 *Gent.* Well, since I find you so staunch an advocate for matrimony, I confess 'tis a wedding-ring I want; the reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in ridicule of marriage, was only to avoid the ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

*Maft.* Why, that now is just the way of the world in every thing, especially amongst young people: they are ashamed to do a good action, because it is not a fashionable one; and, in compliance with custom, act contrary to their own conscience. They displease themselves to please the coxcombs of the world, and chuse rather to be objects of divine wrath than human ridicule.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one man in ten thousand that dare be virtuous, for fear of being singular. 'Tis a weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the future, I am resolv'd upon a more steady rule of action.

*Maft.* I am very glad of it. Here's your ring, Sir, I think it comes to about a guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the money.

*Maft.* I wish you all the joy that a good wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir. *(Exit.*

1 *La.* Well, Sir, but after all, don't you think marriage a kind of desperate venture?

*Maft.* It is a desperate venture, madam, to be sure. But, provided there be a tolerable share of sense and discretion on the man's part, and of mildness and condescension on the woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and comfortable a life in that state, as in any other.

*Enter a fourth Lady.*

4 *La.* I want a mask, Sir, have you got any?

*Maß.* No, madam, I have not one indeed. The people of this age are arriv'd to such perfection in the art of masking themselves, that they have no occasion for any foreign disguises at all. You shall find insidelity mask'd in a gown and cassock; and wantonness and immodesty under a blushing countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the name of justice; and fraud and cunning under that of wisdom. The fool is mask'd under an affected gravity; and the vilest hypocrite under the greatest professions of sincerity. The flatterer passes upon you under the air of a friend; and he that now hugs you in his bosom, for a shilling would cut your throat. Calumny and detraction impose themselves upon the world for wit: and an eternal laugh would fain be thought good-nature. An humble demeanour is assumed from a principle of pride; and the wants of the indigent relieved out of ostentation. In short, worthlessness and villany are oft disguised and dignified in gold and jewels, whilst honesty and merit lie hid under rags and misery. The whole world is in a mask; and it is impossible to see the natural face of any one individual.

4 *La.* That's a mistake, Sir; you yourself are an instance, that no disguise will hide a coxcomb; and so your humble servant. *(Exit,*

*Maß.* Humph! — have I but just now been exclaiming against coxcombs, and am I accused of being one myself? Well — we can none of us see the ridiculous part of our own characters. Could we but once learn to criticise our selves, and to find out and expose to our selves our own weak sides, it would be the surest means to conceal them from the criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

*Gent.* I suppose you have said something which her

conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful application to herself : and that, as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a sense of her fault, has only served to put her in a passion.

*Maft.* May be so indeed : at least I am willing to think so.

*Enter an Old Man.*

*O. M.* I want a pair of spectacles, Sir.

*Maft.* Do you please to have them plain tortoiseshell, or set in gold or silver ?

*O. M.* Pho ! do you think I buy spectacles as your fine gentlemen buy books ? If I wanted a pair of spectacles only to look at, I would have 'em fine ones ; but as I want them to look with, do you see, I'll have them good ones.

*Maft.* Very well, Sir. Here's a pair I'm sure will please you. Thro' these spectacles all the follies of youth are seen in their true light. Those vices which to the strongest youthful eyes appear in characters scarce legible, are, thro' these glasses, discern'd with the greatest plainness. A powder'd wig upon an empty head, attracts no more respect thro' these opticks than a greasy cap ; and the laced coat of a coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his footman's livery.

*O. M.* That, indeed, is shewing things in their true light.

*Maft.* The common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery ; and its friendships, no more than bargains of self-interest. In short, he who is now passing away his days in a constant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past actions, through these undisguising opticks, will certainly be convinced, that a regular life, spent in the study of truth and virtue, and adorn'd with acts of justice, generosity, charity, and benevolence, would not only have afforded him more delight, and satisfaction in the present moment, but

would likewise have raised to his memory a lasting monument of fame and honour.

O. M. Humph! 'tis very true; but very odd that such serious ware should be the commodity of a Toy-Shop. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, and what's the price of these extraordinary spectacles?

Mast. Half a crown.

O. M. There's your money. (*Exit.*)

*Enter a Fourth young Gentleman.*

4 Gent. I want a pair of scales.

Mast. You shall have them, Sir.

4 Gent. Are they exactly true?

Mast. The very emblem of justice, Sir; a hair will turn them. (*Ballancing the scales.*)

4 Gent. I would have them true, for they must determine some very nice statical experiments.

Mast. I'll engage they shall justly determine the nicest experiments in staticks. I have try'd them myself in some uncommon subjects, and have prov'd their goodness. I have taken a large handful of great men's promises, and put into one end; and lo! the breath of a fly in the other has kicked up the beam. I have seen four peacock's feathers, and the four gold clocks in lord Tawdry's stockings, suspend the scales in equilibrio. I have found by experience, that the learning of a beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a just counterpoise to each other: that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate against an ounce of wit; a heart full of virtue, against a head full of learning; and a thimble full of content against a chest full of gold.

4 Gent. This must be a very pretty science, I fancy.

Mast. It would be endless to enumerate all the experiments that might be made in these scales; but there

is one which every man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate fortune, enjoy'd with content, freedom and independency, will turn the scales against whatever can be put in the other end.

*Gent.* Well, this is a branch of staticks, which I must own, I had but little thought of entering into. However I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true specifick gravity of this kind of subjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other bodies in the universe.

*Maſt.* It is indeed. And that you may not want encouragement to proceed in ſo uſeful a ſtudy, I will let you have the ſcales for ten ſhillings. If you make a right uſe of them, they will be worth more to you than ten thouſand pounds.

*Gent.* I confeſs I am ſtruck with the beauty and uſefulneſs of this kind of moral ſtaticks, and I believe I ſhall apply myſelf to make experiments with great delight. There's your money, ſir: you ſhall hear ſhortly what discoveries I make; in the mean time, I am your humble ſervant.

*Maſt.* Sir, I am your's. *(Exit.)*

*Enter ſecond old man.*

*O. M.* Sir, I underſtand you deal in curioſities. Have you any thing in your ſhop, at preſent, that's pretty and curious?

*Maſt.* Yes, ſir, I have a great many things; but the moſt ancient curioſity I have got, is a ſmall braſs plate on which is engrav'd the ſpeech which Adam made to his wife on their firſt meeting, together with her answer. The characters, thro' age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this antient piece is, that Eve's ſpeech is about three times as long as her husband's. I have a rams horn, one of thoſe which help'd to blow down the walls of Jericho. A lock of Sampſon's hair, tied

up in a shred of Joseph's garment. With several other Jewish antiquities; which I purchased of that people at a very great price. Then I have the tune which Orpheus play'd to the devil when he charm'd back his wife.

*Gen.* That was thought to be a silly tune, I believe, for no-body has ever cared to learn it.

*Maß.* Close cork'd up in a thumb phial, I have some of the tears which Alexander wept, because he could do no more mischief. I have a snuff-box made out of the tub in which Diogenes liv'd, and took snuff at all the world. I have the net in which Vulcan caught his spouse and her gallant; but our modern wives are grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an opportunity of casting it these many years.

*Gen.* Some would be so malicious as, instead of chaste to think he meant cunning. *(Aside to the ladies.)*

*Maß.* I have the pitch-pipe of Gracchus the Roman orator, who being apt in dispute, to raise his voice too high, by touching a certain soft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key.

*2 La.* Such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in coffee-houses, and other publick places of debate and modern disputation.

*Gen.* Yes, madam, and I believe many a poor husband would be glad of such a regulator of the voice in his own private family too.

*Maß.* There you was even with her, fir—But the most valuable curiosity I have, is a certain little tube, which I call a distinguisher; contriv'd with such art, that, when rightly applied to the ear, it obstructs all falshood, nonsense, and absurdity, from striking upon the tympanum: nothing but truth and reason can make the least impression upon the auditory nerves. I have sat in a coffee-house sometimes, for the space of half an hour, and amongst what is generally called the

best company, without hearing a single word. At a dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greatest noise, I have enjoyed the most profound silence. It is a very useful thing to have about one, either at church, play-house, or Westminster-hall; at all which places a vast variety both of useful and diverting experiments may be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himself a complete master of it under twenty years close and diligent practice. And that term of time is best commenced at ten or twelve years old.

*Gent.* That, indeed, is an inconvenience that will make it not every body's money. But one would think those parents, who see the beauty and the usefulness of knowledge, virtue, and a distinguishing judgment, should take particular care to engage their children early in the use and practice of such a distinguisher, whilst they have time before them, and no other concerns to interrupt their application.

*Mastr.* Some few do. But the generality are so entirely taken up with the care of little master's complexion, his dress, his dancing, and such like effeminacies, that they have not the least regard for any internal accomplishments whatsoever: and are so far from teaching him to subdue his passions, that they make it their whole business to gratify them.

*O. M.* Well, sir! to some people these may be thought curious things, perhaps, and a very valuable collection. But, to confess the truth, these are not the sort of curious things I wanted. Have you no little box, representing a wounded heart on the inside of the lid? not pretty ring, with an amorous poesy? nothing of that sort, which is pretty and not common, in your shop?

*Mastr.* O yes, sir! I have a pretty snuff-box here;

on the inside of the lid, do you see, is a man of three-score and ten acting the lover, and hunting like a boy after gewgaws and trifles, to please a girl with.

2 *O. M.* Meaning me, Sir? do you banter me, sir?

*Mast.* If you take it to yourself, sir, I can't help it:

2 *O. M.* And is a person of my years and gravity to be laugh'd at?

*Mast.* Why, really, sir, years and gravity do make such childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of those curious trifles for your diversion; but I have delicate hobby-horses and rattles if you please.

2 *O. M.* By all the charms of Araminta, I will revenge this affront! (Exit.)

*Gent.* Ha! ha! ha! how contemptible is rage in impotence! but, pray, sir, don't you think this kind of freedom with your customers detrimental to your trade?

*Mast.* No, no, sir; the odd character I have acquired by this rough kind of sincerity and plain-dealing, together with the whimsical humour of moralizing upon every trifle I sell; are the things, which, by raising people's curiosity, furnish me with all my customers: and it is only fools and coxcombs I am so free with.

1 *La.* And, in my opinion, you are in the right of it. Folly and impertinence ought always to be the objects of satire and ridicule.

*Gent.* Nay, upon second thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of mind, which you have given yourself; may not only be entertaining to several of your customers, but perhaps, very much so to yourself.

*Mast.* Vastly so, sir. It very often helps me to speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this counter, and fancy my little shop, and the transactions of it, an agreeable representation of the grand theatre of the world. When I see a fool come in here, and throw

away fifty or a hundred guineas for a trifle that's not really worth a shilling, I am surpriz'd. But when I look out into the world, and see lordships and manors barter'd away for gilt coaches and equipage; an estate for a title; and an easy freedom in retirement for a servile attendance in a crowd; when I see health with eagerness exchanged for diseases, and happiness, for a game at hazard; my wonder ceases. Surely the world is a great toy-shop, and all its inhabitants run mad for rattles. Nay even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves, have some failing or weakness, some toy or trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those mis-carriages in our own conduct, which we loudly ex-claim against in that of others; and, tho' the same fool's turban fits us all.

*You say that I, I say that you are he,*

*And each man swears, "The cap's not made for me.*

*Gent.* Ha! ha! 'tis very true indeed. But I imagine now you begin to think it time to shut up shop. Ladies, do you want any thing else?

*I La.* No, I think not--if you please to put up that looking-glass and the perspective, I will pay you for them.

*Gent.* Well, madam, how do you like this whimsical humourist?

*I La.* Why, really, in my opinion, the man's as great a curiosity himself; as any thing he has got in his shop.

*Gent.* He is so, indeed.

*In this gay, thoughtless age, he's found a way,*

*In trifling things just morals to convey;*

*'Tis his at once to please, and to reform,*

*And give old satire a new power to charm.*

*And, would you guide your lives and actions right,*

*Think on the maxims you have heard to-night.*

# EPILOGUE

WELL, heav'n he prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's done;

(For faith our author might have call'd it one.)

I wonder who the devil he thought to please!

Is this a time o' day for things like these?

Good sense and honest satire now offend;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend,

And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,

The next wise age will all be—fiddlers sons,

And did he think plain truth wou'd favour find?

Ah! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!

To please, he ought to have a song or dance,

The tune from Italy, the caper France:

These, these might charm—But hope to do't with sense!

Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!

But tho' we told him,—faith, 'twill never do—

Pbo! never fear he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:

The whim, perhaps, may please, if not the wit.

And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead.

“Ye gen'rous few, to you our author sues,

“His first essay with candour to excuse:

“'T has faults, he owns, but if they are but small,

“He hopes your kind applause will hide them all.



# EPISTLES

AND

# POEMS

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

An Epistle to Mr. POPE, occasion'd by his Essay  
ON MAN.

**G**REAT bard! in whom united we admire,  
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:  
And whom at once the great and good commend,  
A safe companion and a useful friend:—

*'Twas thus the muse her eager flight began,  
Ardent to sing the poet and the man;  
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie:  
And you, at least, would think it flattery:  
Hating the thought, I check my forward strain,  
I change my simile, and thus began again.*

As when some student first with curious eye,  
Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry:  
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,  
He asks, if this be just? if this be wise?

Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,  
 And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress :  
 Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,  
 His mind is open, fair is all he sees ;  
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,  
 And vice's triumph, are all just and right :  
 Beauty is found, and order, and design,  
 And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,  
 Leading thro' all the winding maze of man ;  
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,  
 My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.  
 This false, that ill-express'd, this thought not good,  
 And all was wrong which I misunderstood.  
 But reading more attentive, soon I found,  
 The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.  
 Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,  
 " *Whose body nature is, and God the soul*" ;  
 Saw in the scale of things his middle state,  
 And all his powers adapted just to that.  
 Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,  
 How all to good, to happiness, conduce.  
 Saw my own weakness, thy superior power,  
 And still the more I read, admire thee more.

*This simile drawn out, I now began  
 To think of forming some design or plan,  
 To aid my muse, and guide her wond'ring lay,  
 When sudden to my mind came honest GAT.  
 For form or method I no more contend,  
 But strive to copy that ingenious friend : \**  
*Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose—  
 And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.*

Where are you now ye criticks, shall I say ?  
 Or owls, who sicken at this god of day ?  
 What ! mighty scriblers, will you let him go  
 Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so ?

\* In his first epistle.

Step forth some great distinguish'd daring dunce,  
Write but one page, you silence him at once :  
Write without fear ; you will, you must succeed ;  
He cannot answer—for he will not read.

*Here paus'd the muse—alas, the jade is bit,  
She fain would copy GAY, but wants his wit.  
She paus'd indeed—broke off as he had done,  
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.*

Ye wits, and fools ; ye libertines and saints,  
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.  
First, you who oft with wisdom too refin'd,  
Can censure and direct the Eternal Mind,  
Ingenuous wits, who modestly pretend  
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend :  
How can you bear, in your great reason's spight,  
To hear him prove, “ *Whatever is, is right ?* ”  
Alas ! how easy to confute the song !  
If all is right, how came your heads so wrong ?

And come, ye solemn fools, a numerous band,  
Who read, and read, but never understand,  
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove it too ?  
Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to you.

Come too, ye libertines, who lust for power,  
Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore ;  
All who true sensual happiness adhere to,  
And laugh him out of this old-fashion'd virtue :  
Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd  
Your only bliss—how odd is some men's taste !

And come, ye rigid saints, with looks demure,  
Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure ;  
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,  
Which gave your proud hypocrisy the lie :  
Which own the best have failings, not a few ;  
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as you.

What ! shall he taint such perfect souls with ill ?

Shall fots not place their blifs in what they will?  
 Nor fools be fools? Nor wits sublime descend  
 In charity to heaven its works to mend?  
 Laughs he at these?—'Tis monstrous. To be plain,  
 I'd have you write—He can but laugh again.

*Here lifting up my head, surpriz'd, I see  
 Close at my elbow, flattering vanity.*

*From her soft whispers soon I found it came.*

*That I suppos'd myself not one of them.*

*Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!*

*I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.*

*For vanity abash'd up to my ear  
 Steps honest truth, and these harsh words I hear:*

*"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays:*

*"Alike to Pope such censure, and such praise.*

*"Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,*

*"Who owes to virtue, and himself, his fame.*

## MODERN REASONING.

*An EPISTLE to Mr. L---*

**W**HENCE comes it, L—, that ev'ry fool,  
 In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,  
 Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,  
 And all the blind deluded world disdains;  
 Himself the only person blest with sight,  
 And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis strange, from folly this conceit should rise,  
 That want of sense should make us think we're wise;  
 Yet so it is. The most egregious elf  
 Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.  
 Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;  
 And who can least confute, will most contend.  
 I love the man, I love him from my soul,

Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims controul;  
 With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,  
 Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought;  
 Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,  
 Suggests his notions with a modest fear;  
 Hears every reason, every passion hides,  
 Debates with calmness, and with care decides;  
 More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,  
 Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he  
 Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!  
 Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,  
 Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's alps you climb;  
 Thro' reason's paths in search of truth proceed,  
 And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;  
 'Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,  
 The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.

How far from this the furious noisy crew,  
 Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?  
 Their greater right infer from louder tongues;  
 And strength of argument from strength of lungs.  
 Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,  
 And think they conquer, when they but confound.  
 Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,  
 And drives his argument thro' both your ears;  
 And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,  
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—tongue;  
 In all disputes he bravely wins the day,  
 No wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the ear's sufficient curse,  
 To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.  
 Prato, a formal sage, debates with care,  
 A strong opponent, take him up who dare.  
 His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,  
 He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.  
 If he asserts, tho' what no man can doubt,

He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out,  
 This, this and this—is so, and so, and so!  
 And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you know,  
 Circles no angles have; a square has four:  
 A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.  
 The sum of Plato's wond'rous wisdom is,  
 This is not that, and therefore that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,  
 Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.  
 The first, for every trifle will contend;  
 But this has no opinions to defend.  
 In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose,  
 The man impos'd on by his very nose:  
 Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,  
 The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.  
 He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;  
 Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.  
 Ask him if he's a man, a beast, or bird;  
 He cannot tell, upon his honest word.  
 'Tis strange, so plain a point's so hard to prove;  
 I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.

Another class of disputants they are,  
 More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far,  
 These are your wanderers, who from the point  
 Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.  
 Vagarius, and confute him if you can,  
 Will hold debate with any mortal man.  
 He roves from Genesis to Revelations,  
 And quite confounds you with divine quotations.  
 Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,  
 And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;  
 He contradicts you, and in half an hour  
 Most plainly proves—Pope Joan the scarlet Whore,  
 Nor head nor tail his argument affords;  
 A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;  
 Most of them true, but so together lost.

Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,  
Another clan alarms us, face about :  
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,  
And with great names and numbers strike us dumb,  
With these an error venerable appears,  
For having been believ'd three thousand years.  
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,  
And strength of argument's no strength at all.  
But on my muse, tho' multitudes oppose us,  
Alas ! truth is not prov'd by counting noses ;  
Nor fear, tho' antient sages are subjoin'd ;  
A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.

'Tis true, I love the antients—but what then ?

Plato and Aristotle were but men.

I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,

And therefore no sufficient guides for me.

An error, tho' by half the world espous'd,

Is still an error, and may be oppos'd ;

And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd,

Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.

How foolish then will look your mighty wife,

Should half their *ipse dixit* prove plain lies !

But on, my muse, another tribe demands

Thy censure yet ; nor should they 'scape thy hands.

These are the passionate, who in dispute,

Demand submission, monarchs absolute.

Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,

They damn all those for fools that won't submit,

Sir Testy (thwart sir Testy if you dare

Swears there's inhabitants in every star.

If you presume to say this may'nt be true,

You lie, sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.

What he asserts, if any disbelieve,

How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.

He knows he's right ; he knows his judgment's clear ;

But men are so perverse they will not hear.  
 With him, Swift trades a dull trite beaten way;  
 In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;  
 Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns the page;  
 And Thompson's Liberty corrupts the age.  
 This to deny, if any dare presume,  
 Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy fill the room:  
 Hillario, who full well this humour knows,  
 Resolv'd one day his folly to expose.  
 Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,  
 And entertains 'em with a roast Sir-loin:  
 Of this he knew sir Testy could not eat,  
 And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.  
 The rest begin—Sir Testy, pray fall to—  
 You love roast beef, sir, come—I know you do.  
 “Excuse me sir, 'tis what I never eat.”  
 How, sir, not love roast beef! the king of meat!  
 “'Tis true indeed.” Indeed it is not true;  
 I love it, sir, and you must love it too.  
 “I can't upon my word.” Then you're a fool,  
 And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.  
 Not love roast beef!—Come, come, sirs, fill his plate,  
 I'll make him love it—sir,—G—d ye, eat.  
 Sir Testy, finding what it was they meant,  
 Rose in a passion, and away he went.

*To the Dutcheß of Portland on her marriage.*

**F**AME now has sounded far and wide,  
 That beauteous Harley the fair bride  
 Of generous Portland is to shine,  
 And heav'n approves the great design.  
 All joy attend the happy pair!  
 O muse, thy choicest song prepare,  
 At once thy just devoirs to pay,

And aid the mirth of that great day.

But what to say?—I can't proceed——

“ A pretty compliment indeed !

“ Is Harley's daughter to be wed ;

“ And can no handsome thing be said ?

A sharp and just reproof, I own ;

But tell me—What is to be done ?

She shines above our highest praise,

Yet shuns the justest, humblest lays ;

And that's so very odd, you know,

A poet knows not what to do.

I cou'd ; 'tis true, on this occasion,

Mount up to heaven, as 'tis the fashion ;

Make goddesses to her submit,

Venus in beauty, Pallas wit :

A thousand pretty things run o'er,

Each said a thousand times before ;

With all the graces fill my strains,

And then—be laugh'd at for my pains,

No, no ; such common-place forbear,

There's no occasion for it here ;

Here truth in plain and modest words,

The finest character affords ;

And just to print her as she is,

Will be the fairest, loveliest piece.

But I forbear—I dare not try—

Yet give me leave to prophesy.

“ If beauty, without affectation,

“ A temper void of heat or passion ;

“ If modesty with sweetness join'd,

“ Not over-fond, yet ever kind ;

“ A lively wit, a judgment clear ;

“ A soul good-natur'd and sincere ;

“ A breast with tenderest passions warm,

“ And every modest art to charm ;

“ If these are blessings in a wife,

“ Portland is blest ; is blest for life.

*Mrs. Pearse's salutation to her garden in the country.*

**W**ELCOME, fair scene ; welcome thou lov'd retreat,

From the vain hurry of the bustling great.  
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,  
Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.  
My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,  
To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,  
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights ?  
What your allurements ? what your fancy'd joys ?  
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.  
Alas ! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,  
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene !

Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms  
Enclose the fond admirer of your charms ;  
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,  
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest ;  
Come, ye fair flow'rs, and open ev'ry sweet :  
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat.  
And O descend, to sweeten all the rest,  
Soft-smiling peace, in white rob'd virtue dress'd ;  
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd ;  
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd :  
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,  
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show farewell.  
And see ! O see ! the heav'n born train appear.  
Fix then, my heart ; thy happiness is here.

---

*To my lord Beauchamp, with a collection of  
Stories.*

**R**ECEIVE, my lord, these virtuous tales,  
Adapted to your age ;  
Virtue in noble minds prevails,  
And early will engage.  
As time, with \* Dalton's care combin'd,  
With strength your mind endues ;  
Sublimier thoughts will entrance find,  
And more extended views.  
These little tales which once you priz'd,  
As trifles then thrown by,  
Will lie forgotten, or despis'd ;  
Alas ! and shall not I ?

---

*Kitty. A Pastoral.*

**B**ENEATH a cool shade, by the side of a stream,  
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his Kitty his  
(theme :  
Thy beauties comparing, my dearest, said he,  
There's nothing in nature so lovely as thee.

II.

Tho' distance divides us, I view thy dear face,  
And wander in transport o'er every grace ;  
Now, now I behold thee, sweet smiling and pretty,  
O Gods ! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty !

III.

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,  
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms,  
The beautiful objects which round me arise,  
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine eyes.

D

\* Vid. An epistle to a young nobleman.

## IV.

Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,  
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn ;  
But look on my Kitty !—there sweetly does blow  
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

## V.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,  
And proud of its colour, wou'd vie with her blush,  
Vain boaster ! thy beauties shall quickly decay,  
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

## VI.

Observe that fair lilly, the pride of the vale,  
In whiteness unrival'd, now droop and look pale.  
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,  
And bows down its head in submission to you.

## VII.

The Zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,  
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,  
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air  
That breathes from her lips when she whispers--*my dear*.

## VIII.

I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,  
How sweet are her notes ! how delightful her voice !  
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go !  
I have music enough while my Kitty's below.

## IX.

With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,  
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree ;  
Ah fools ! thus to labour to keep you alive ;  
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

## X.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves  
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves ;  
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,  
When folded on each other's bosom we lie.

## XI.

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs  
Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams :  
The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee ;  
Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

## XII.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,  
Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry ;  
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,  
And virtue, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

## XIII.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,  
And as some fade and die, others bud and look green ;  
The charms of my Kitty are constant as they ;  
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

## XIV.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,  
And darkness approaches to hinder my sight :  
To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,  
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

*On Good and Ill-Nature.*

*To Mr. POPE.*

**I**N virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,  
Defend the good, encounter wicked men :  
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,  
And boldly censure the degenerate crew :  
To scorn with equal justice, to deride  
The poor man's worth, or sooth the great one's pride :  
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill ;  
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.  
Old-fashion'd souls ! your men of modern taste,  
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.

Good nature now has chang'd her honest face,  
 For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace :  
 Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,  
 And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.  
 To such extent good-nature now is spread,  
 To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred :  
 An equal brow to all is now the vogue,  
 And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.  
 If this be good—'tis gloriously true,  
 The most ill-natur'd man alive, is Y O U.

---

*Religion. A Simile.*

I'M often drawn to make a stop,  
 And gaze upon a picture-shop.  
 There have I seen (as who that carries  
 Has not the same ?) a head that varies ;  
 And as in diff'rent views expos'd,  
 A different figure is disclos'd.  
 This way a fool's head is express'd,  
 Whose very count'nance is a jest ;  
 Such as were formerly at court,  
 Kept to make wiser people sport.  
 Turn it another way, you'll have  
 A face ridiculously grave,  
 Something betwixt the fool and knave.  
 Again, but alter the position,  
 You're frighted with the apparition :  
 A hideous threatening Gorgon head  
 Appears, enough to fright the dead.  
 But place it in its proper light,  
 A lovely face accosts the sight ;  
 Our eyes are charm'd with every feature ;  
 We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true religion fares. For when  
 By silly, or designing men,  
 In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,  
 'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.  
 Here by a set of men 'tis thought  
 A scheme by politicians wrought,  
 To strengthen and enforce the law,  
 And keep the vulgar more in awe :  
 And these, to shew sublimer parts,  
 Cast all religion from their hearts ;  
 Brand all its vot'ries as the tools  
 Of priests, and politicians fools.

Some view it in another light,  
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite :  
 And these are such as blindly place it  
 In superstitions that disgrace it ;  
 And think the essence of it lies  
 In ceremonious fooleries :  
 In points of faith and speculation,  
 Which tend to nothing but vexation.  
 With these it is a heinous crime  
 To cough or spit in sermon time ;  
 'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,  
 Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday :  
 To dine without first saying grace, is  
 Enough to lose in heaven their places :  
 But goodness, honesty and virtue,  
 Are what they've not the least regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,  
 Who place it in the bugbear view !  
 Think it consists in strange severities ;  
 In fastings, weepings, and austerities.  
 False notions their weak minds possess,  
 Of faith, and grace, and holiness :  
 And as the Lord's of purer eyes  
 Than to behold iniquities ;

They think, unless they're pure and spotless,  
 All their endeavours will be bootless,  
 And dreadful furies *In Aeternum*,  
 In unconsuming fires will burn 'em :

But, O how happy are the few,  
 Who place it in its proper view !  
 To these its shines divinely bright,  
 No clouds obscure its native light ;  
 Truth stamps conviction in the mind ;  
 All doubts and fears are left behind,  
 And peace and joy at once an entrance find. }

*The Cave of Pope. A Prophecy.*

**W**HEN dark oblivion in her sable cloak  
 Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings ;  
 And their high deeds submitting to the stroke  
 Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things ;  
 Then (for the muse that distant day can see)  
 On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,  
 With curious wish thy sacred grott to see,  
 Thy sacred grott shall with thy name survive.  
 Grateful posterity, from age to age,  
 With pious hand the ruin shall repair :  
 Some good old man, to each enquiring sage  
 Pointing the place, shall cry, The bard liv'd there,  
 Whose song was music to the listening ear,  
 Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame ;  
 Easy his manners, but his life severe ;  
 His word alone gave infamy or fame,  
 Sequester'd from the fool, and coxcomb wit,  
 Beneath this silent roof the muse he found ;  
 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sate and writ,  
 Here with his friends the social glass went round.  
 With awful veneration shall they trace

The steps which thou so long before hast trod ;  
 With reverend wonder view the solemn place,  
 From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.  
 Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,  
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope  
 To please their friends, on every distant shore,  
 Boasting a relick from the cave of Pope.

---

*The Progress of Love.*

A S O N G.

**B**eneath the myrtle's secret shade,  
 When Delia blest my eyes :  
 At first I view'd the lovely maid  
 In silent soft surprize.  
 With trembling voice, and anxious mind  
 I softly whisper'd love ;  
 She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,  
 Did all my fears remove.  
 Her lovely yielding form I prest,  
 Sweet maddening kisses stole ;  
 As soon her swimming eyes confess'd  
 The wishes of her soul :  
 In wild tumultuous bliss, I cry'd,  
 O Delia now be kind !  
 She prest me close, and with a sigh,  
 To melting joys resign'd.

---

S O N G.

**M**AN's a poor deluded bubble,  
 Wand'ring in a mist of lies,  
 Seeing false, or seeing double,  
 Who wou'd trust to such weak eyes ?  
 Yet presuming on his senses,

On he goes most wond'rous wife :  
Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;  
Lost in error, lives and dies.

*An Epigram occasioned by the words one Prior, in the  
second volume of Bishop Burnet's history.*

**O**NE Prior ! — and is this, this all the fame  
The poet from th' historian can claim ?  
No ; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,  
When 'tis forgot One Burnet ever wrote.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**C**RIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,  
What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there are none in heaven ?  
There are no women he reply'd ;  
She quick returns the jest —  
Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest.



*The Kings of Europe.*

*A JEST.*

**W**HY pray, of late, do Europe's kings  
No jester in their courts admit ?  
They're grown such stately solemn things,  
To bear a joke they think not fit.  
But tho' each court a jester lacks,  
To laugh at monarchs to their face ;  
All mankind behind their backs  
Supply the honest jester's place.

*F I N I S.*

